

# Yorkville Enquirer.

LEWIS M. GRIST, Proprietor.

An Independent Journal: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 6.

YORKVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1860.

NO. 44.

## Original Poetry.

For the Yorkville Enquirer.

### SONNET TO MISS ...

Ah! all that beautiful c'er speaks of Love,  
And love's e'er melts and moves in beauty; hence  
This yearning deep within—this burning sense  
Of some soft sighing in the breast, that moves—  
When gazing on the tinted evening sky,  
And on fair fields and flowers, green vales and  
hills,  
And rock, and rivers running—and which thrills  
The heart, till tea-drops gather to the eye.  
Oh, Love! While thus I sit and gaze, "Rejoice  
In quiet peace of soul!" seems from all things  
To blend and breathe; and the weird whisperings  
Of Memory—its still small, winking voice—  
Are moving warm and moving deep in me;  
And loudly speaks all loveliness of Thee!

LANGHORN.

## An Original Story.

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer.

### ST. PIERRE, THE MOUNTBANK; OR, THE PREDICTION.

A Romance of the Empire, under Catherine, II.

BY R. B. RUSSELL.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

"Poor devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not:  
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell;  
If thou dost wish to view the dearest scene,  
Behold this picture of thy brother's!"

We must now take the reader to the  
chamber of the dying empress. Yes, the  
imperial Catherine, once so despotic and so  
haughty, was slowly succumbing before the  
Great Conqueror, whose approach is dread-  
ed alike by the king and his subject, and  
from whose sentence there is no appeal.

The splendid couch on which she lay  
stood in the middle of a dark wall, dark,  
gloomy looking room; and around it, but  
at a little distance, were many of the no-  
bles and ladies of the court, whose features  
were twisted into an expression of seeming  
sorrow, giving them one and all, at that  
moment, a great resemblance to each other.

At the head of the bed stood a small  
table, which was covered with vials; and  
beside it was the empress' physicians, five  
in number, among them Valerian Remoul,  
Count de Moner's friend.

The silence, which was almost appren-  
sive, was broken at length by the entrance  
of the count, who carried his portfolio under  
his arm as minister of police. At a  
sign from him Remoul, after consulting for  
the sake of appearance with the other, who  
replied in the affirmative to every proposition  
he advanced, drew a vial from his pocket,  
and dropping the greater part of its contents  
into a wine glass, filled it half full of wa-  
ter; and going to the bedside, fell on his  
knees and whispered a few words. The  
empress, on hearing the voice of her favor-  
ite physician, took the glass and drank its  
contents. In a few minutes she raised her  
head, and glancing around the room, asked  
feebly,

"Where is Paul?"  
"In his chamber, most gracious empress,"  
replied Remoul.

"And why is he not here at his moth-  
er's death bed?" she inquired hastily. "Is  
he so sure the crown is his that he will  
not remain to close her eyes? Answer  
me!" she repeated. "Must we speak twice?"

"Madame and gracious empress," said a  
nobleman, one of Paul's most intimate  
friends, eager to avert the storm which he  
saw was rising, "may it please you, he was  
here a few minutes ago, but—"

"But—!" repeated Catherine quer-  
ulously; "any word but that to me. Step  
back, my Lord Parim, we have no further  
need of you. Remoul, the pain is over—  
We shall live yet!"

"The physician made no reply."  
"Do you hear me, Remoul?" said the em-  
press. "We shall live yet!"

"I trust so," faltered the physician.  
Catherine glanced keenly into his face,  
and saw therein that all hope was extin-  
guished.

"Well, it matters not," she said. "Send  
for Paul, and draw back the curtains—  
There!"

Count Parim, forgetting the reproach he  
had received, stepped forward and obeyed  
the order, fortunately without the empress  
observing him. At that moment the door  
opened, and Paul entered. Catherine re-  
cognized his step and raised her head—  
The grand-duc bent the knee and kissed  
her hand.

"Have you seen Henri?" inquired the  
count, of Remoul, in a whisper.

"No."  
"He should have been here ere this. Step  
to the door and see."

The physician did so and returned with  
Henri.

"The packet—the certificate?" inquired  
the count nervously. "Quick!"

"They are here, my lord," replied the lad,  
drawing several papers from his bosom. "I  
had—"

"Hush!" exclaimed the count, his hand  
trembling as he grasped the precious docu-  
ments, while his eyes flashed fire. "Suc-  
cess!" he whispered to the physician. "No  
chance for failure, now! Paul is crushed,  
and Alexander will be emperor! Ha! ha!"

Now for a fitting moment to present it.  
The door again opened, and the minister  
of state, accompanied by several secretaries  
bearing portfolios, entered. Approaching  
the bed the former knelt and kissed the  
empress' hand.

"Are the papers made out as we directed?"  
she asked at length.

"They are, your majesty," replied the  
minister.

"And the will?"

"Is here, was the reply. "It needs on-  
ly your signature."

"A pen," said Catherine. "Paul," and  
she turned her head toward the grand-  
duc, "as our eldest son, the crown is yours.

Our personal property we leave to our  
friends; this—and she tapped the paper  
with her finger—"will explain to whom.  
See that you fulfill righteously all the be-  
quests named herein. But remember, Paul,  
she added, her thoughts recurring to the  
past, "when we are dead no monument must  
be placed over Leipsic or Maria's grave.  
We charge you by your oath, remember  
it. My lord, the pen."

"Hold—a word in connection with the  
Princess Maria, most gracious majesty,"  
said Count de Moner, advancing to the  
bedside and kneeling.

"What of her?" inquired the empress,  
her brow darkening, and half rising from  
the bed. "What of our late daughter?"

"This," replied the count, holding out  
the certificate. "They were married, and  
the proof is here."

"Let me see it!" exclaimed the empress  
fiercely, and snatching the paper from his  
hand. "Fore God!" she cried, as her eyes  
glanced over it; "married! and to the  
Duke de Leipsic—the witnesses! What!  
ha! what is this—these names—Charles of  
Leipsic, Casper Hoffman, notary—François  
Gotschoff—and—and—Paul!—ha!—you—  
you were present at the ceremony!"

The grand-duc started as he heard the  
accusation. Heavy drops of perspiration  
covered his brow, and he turned deadly pale.

"Yes—yes!" continued Catherine, gaz-  
ing fiercely around her; "they were married,  
and this—this son of mine was present!—  
Here is his name; and yet he always de-  
nied any knowledge of it! Fool! liar!  
she almost screamed, and tearing her grey  
locks with her hands, while her eyes gleam-  
ed with a light unearthly—the count  
starting back with horror at the fearful  
sight. "I spit upon—!"

"Madam! mother!" cried the Grand-  
Duke, falling on his knees.

"My curse—your mother's curse cling  
to you till death, Paul! May the eternal  
fire forever consume you! May your  
nights be sleepless, your days—"

"Hold, mother, do not curse me!" ex-  
claimed Paul in a voice of agony. "I am  
your son!"

"Son!" shrieked Catherine. "No, thou  
art no longer a son of mine! I spit at—  
 curse you! Ha! ha! Paul! dying and  
feeble as I am, I have still power and  
strength enough to punish you. Ho! there,  
my lord," she continued, turning to the  
minister of state whom she knew to be the  
friend of Paul, "make out the warrant—  
I am empress still, and have the right to  
name my successor. Make out the war-  
rant."

"For his exile, your majesty?" inquired  
the minister, as he seated himself and ea-  
gerly proceeded to write.

"No—for his instant execution," was the  
stern reply. "But he must not die as a  
grand-duc of the empire. No! We do  
not deprive him of his nobility—tear from  
him the designation we have given him,  
and consider him never to have borne our  
name. No longer heir-apparent to the  
imperial throne, but reduced to the degra-  
ded condition of a serf, let him die un-  
honored and unknown; and he who seeks to  
plead for him, makes me his foe and shares  
his doom! Have you finished?"

"Almost, your majesty," replied the mi-  
nister, his pen flying like lightning over the  
paper.

"I will not yield this!" said Paul, rising  
to his feet and laying his hand upon his  
sword. "I do dispute the justice of your  
sentence, and refuse to recognize the pow-  
er that seeks to take from me my life and  
inheritance. I am your eldest son, and  
certainly I am not a serf, and no son of Cath-  
arine, did I tamely submit to such indig-  
nity. I will not yield!"

"Not yield!" thundered the empress—  
"What ho, there! call in the guard. The  
guard, I say!"

In a moment the door was flung open,  
and the imperial guard marched into the  
room, the gay colors of their uniform con-  
trasting strangely with the dark wall and  
hangings of the room.

"It is enough—I yield," said Paul, as soon  
as he beheld them; and drawing his sword  
he broke it across his knee; and sinking  
into a chair, covered his face with his  
hands.

"Now, Count de Moner," said Catherine,  
turning to the nobleman, and resolved that  
other lips besides her own should pro-  
nounce Paul's sentence, in order that pos-  
terity might think that justice, not hatred,  
influenced her conduct; "we leave his fate  
to you, since you were the means of dis-  
covering his guilt. What shall it be?"

"Death—instant death!"

"Ay, the sentence is a just one," said  
Catherine. "Do you give the order for his  
execution, while I sign the warrant. But  
this certificate—take it, some of you,  
and burn it."

The paper was passed along the line to  
the fire, and Henri, being the last, flung it  
into the grate.

"Triumphant!" exclaimed de Moner—  
"Ha! ha! I shall be minister of state, at  
the very least! Since you have left his  
doom to me," he said, turning to the em-  
press, "I will proceed with it at once—  
Let a file of soldiers instantly proceed to  
the court yard, and prepare for the execu-  
tion. Come, my lord, and he touched  
Paul on the shoulder, who instantly rose,  
"follow me."

"Where?" said Paul, his eyes glazed, and  
his face fearfully pale.

"To death!" replied the count, with a  
smile of triumph. "Ha! ha! I have suc-  
ceeded! And he rubbed his hands gleeful-  
ly."

"Now—the pen," said the empress, as  
the minister laid the death warrant of the  
unhappy duke before her.

"Here, your majesty," he replied, hand-  
ing it to her.

Catherine grasped it tightly, and stooped  
to sign. But her fearful passion had quick-  
ened the disease; the pen fell from her  
hand—she gasped for breath—murmured  
faintly—sank back—the jaw fell, and she  
was no more.

"Dead!" cried Remoul.  
"Dead!" repeated the courtiers.  
Paul started back.  
"And the warrant?" he exclaimed.  
"Is not signed?"

"Not signed!" repeated Paul—not sign-  
ed! Joy! saved! Ha! ha! Count  
de Moner! he cried, turning to the un-  
fortunate minister of police, who stood  
trembling in every limb, "you have failed!  
Crouch, man, bow—lower still—at my feet!  
Nay, kneel! not to Paul the Grand-Duke,  
but to THE EMPEROR!"

He stood there in that room, his tall  
form raised to its utmost height, his broad  
breast heaving with emotion, a hundred  
forms kneeling at his feet, his eagle eye  
gazing fearlessly around him, and looking  
—ay, every inch of him—well worthy of  
his proud position of Emperor and Czar of  
all the Russias.

"Mercy, sire!" exclaimed de Moner, fal-  
ling on his knees, his brow white with fear,  
and clasping his hands. "Mercy!"

"Ay, I'll show you mercy," said the em-  
peror, his eyes flashing as he thought of  
the fearful ordeal he had just passed—  
"Such mercy, my lord, as you would have  
shown to me! Your crimes are known,  
your schemes have failed, your father whom  
you supposed to be dead, is living still,  
and you are now to meet your doom. Let  
the axe be sharpened, the block prepared,  
and the headsman called. Away with him!  
ha! ha! Who has triumphed now?"

"Hold!" exclaimed a voice. The door  
was flung open, and the mountebank ad-  
vanced into the room. The horror-stricken  
count quailed beneath his angry glance,  
and fell at his feet.

"O father! father!" he exclaimed wildly,  
"save me from death. I dare not—cannot  
die! Save me! save me!"

"What!" cried Paul, with disgust, "you  
who played for so heavy a stake and lost,  
now seek to escape the penalty? Coward!  
he said, spurning him with his foot, "you  
are not fit to live!"

"Then, my sire, he is not fit to die," said  
Saint Pierre, as he surveyed the form at  
his feet. The past was all forgotten now,  
and nought but the thought that he was his  
own—his only son remaining. "Oh! my  
liege!" he continued, "have you forgotten  
the promise you made me years ago; should  
you ever reach the high position you now  
hold, you would grant me anything I wish-  
ed? Spare—spare my son then, and I will  
never ask for more."

"In heaven's name, Gotschoff!" said  
Paul, "what is this you ask of me? Spare  
his life? It is impossible!"

"Nay, sire, it is not much I ask," said  
Saint Pierre entreatingly, "Revoke his sen-  
tence, and let him be sent to the mines for  
life. I've but little—a few years for re-  
pentance, and what is one life to you?"

"Well, be it so," said Paul at length. "On  
one condition alone will I spare him. He  
must rise to his feet. How got you that  
certificate from my box?"

"He took it," said the Count, recover-  
ing from his fright, and smiling malign-  
antly as he pointed to the lad.

"What! you took it?" cried the Emperor,  
turning to Henri, who, terrified and weep-  
ing, fell at his feet and clasped his knees.  
"When?" he demanded.

"When I saw you in your room, and you  
left me there alone," replied the lad sobbing  
violently.

"And so at the very moment you kissed  
me—Oh, Judas like-kiss!" said Paul, "you  
were devising a plan to get that paper!"

"Shame, Henri! shame! I never thought  
of that of you. But where is it?" he asked.

"I—I burnt it," was the trembling reply.  
Paul staggered back. The blow as al-  
most too much. He caught the boy by the  
arm with so tight a grasp that he almost  
screamed with the pain, and gazed wildly  
into his face for many moments.

"Oh, Henri! Henri!" he said at length,  
in a fearfully changed voice, "what on earth  
could have possessed you to take that pa-  
per?"

"He—he," said the trembling lad, point-  
ing to de Moner, "he told me he would  
make me a Count, if I got it for him."

"A Count, indeed!" cried Paul. "Fool!  
that paper would have made you a Duke—  
Duke of Leipsic, boy; and in burning it  
you destroyed the proof of your legitimacy!  
In the eyes of the world you are now but  
a natural son, a bastard! Villain!" he con-  
tinued, turning to de Moner, "were not my  
word passed that you should live, I'd say  
you with my own hand. Ha, what alas the  
boy?" he exclaimed, as Henri, overcome  
with the excitement of the last few min-  
utes, sank down insensible, while a stream  
of blood flowed from his mouth. "God! he  
is dying!"

"Not so," said Remoul! as he stooped  
down beside him. "He has burst a small  
blood vessel; but with care and quiet will  
recover."

"Take him to my room and attend him  
faithfully," said Paul. As soon as they had  
gone, he looked around and asked, "Where  
is Alexander?"

"At the Church of St. Paul," replied de  
Moner, with another malignant smile.  
And what is he doing there?" inquired  
the Emperor, with surprise.

"Taking part in a marriage ceremony,  
sire," was the reply.

In an instant the whole truth burst upon  
the mind of Saint Pierre; and hastily tak-  
ing Paul aside, he whispered a few words  
in his ear. The effect was electrical. In  
a moment de Moner and the minister of  
State were placed in charge of two of the  
soldiers, and conducted to one of the up-  
per rooms; while the Emperor and Saint  
Pierre, followed by the guard bearing torch-  
es, and the Countess, set off rapidly toward  
the church. Let us enter the sacred edi-  
fice before them, and see what is going on.

Owing to the rough pavements and the  
darkness of the night, it was nearly an hour  
before the carriage in which the Duke and  
Amy were seated, reached the church. It  
was but dimly lighted, and the priest not  
having arrived, they were obliged to wait  
at least half-an-hour longer. At length he

entered; and more candles being lit, the  
church assumed a less gloomy aspect—  
During the interval, Amy had not uttered  
one word of reproach, but sat with her  
handkerchief covering her eyes, and weep-  
ing bitterly. Alexander himself was much  
agitated; but he was resolved that the cere-  
mony should take place. As soon as the  
priest had passed behind the altar, he took  
Amy's hand and whispered,  
"Come, my love, the priest is waiting."  
Amy made no reply.

"Do you not hear me?" said the Duke.  
"Again I say, the priest is ready."  
Still no reply.

"Amy!" said her aunt sharply, and grasp-  
ing her roughly by the arm, "would you  
have me drag you to the altar?"

"No," replied the poor girl, rising; "it  
need not be. Oh, Edgar, where are you?"  
and she again wept.

"There was a long pause.  
"Are you coming or not?" exclaimed the  
lady again.

"No, no!" cried Amy; "you have not the  
heart to do this thing! Hear me!" she  
exclaimed, looking wildly around her. "I  
will not wed this man. No power on earth  
shall make me, for I do not love him."

"The priest, who had received his instruc-  
tions from the Count, opened his book.  
"It is your guardian's wish," he said mild-  
ly.

"But not mine," said the orphan. "I will  
not be his wife; I do not love him."  
"Foolish girl!" exclaimed her aunt; "must  
I call the Count?"

Amy shuddered on hearing the words,  
and looked irresolute.

"It is needless," she said, with a deep  
sigh. "The sin be on your heads; and she  
advanced to the altar. At this moment the  
door opened, and Edgar rushed into the  
church. He had been absent when the  
attendant reached his house, which as  
we have said before, was close to the church;  
and was but just returned. One glance  
told him every thing; and as he advanced  
up the narrow aisle, he shouted in a voice  
of thunder, which thrilled deeply through  
the heart of the poor girl.

"Hold! I forbid this marriage to proceed!"  
Startled at the commanding tone of the  
speaker, and not knowing but that he might  
have been sent by his father, Alexander  
reached his hold of the girl, and turned  
toward him.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, "and by  
what right do you forbid the marriage?"

"What right?" cried Edgar. "The right  
that the stag has to defend his hind—the  
right of the strong to defend the weak—the  
right of the lover to defend his mistress!"

"She is my betrothed!"

"Ah! you presume to dictate to me!"  
said Alexander, his brow kindling with an-  
ger. "Ho, there, men!" he exclaimed, seize  
him; and when the ceremony is over I will  
chastise his presumption!"

"Beware!" said Edgar, as the servants  
sprang toward him; and drawing his sword  
he sternly warned them back. "I am armed  
and desperate; and 'twere better for you to  
feel a serpent's fangs than my sword's edge.  
My lord, and he turned to the Duke. "I  
say you wear a weapon by your side; if  
you have the heart of a man, draw and de-  
fend yourself!"

"So be it," said Alexander, who was not  
devoid of courage; and who having been  
taught the science of fencing by Count  
Waukoff, than whom there was no better  
master in the empire, resolved to put an  
end to the scene at once by killing his op-  
ponent. The blades were crossed and a  
pass parried, when the door was dashed  
open, and a loud voice exclaimed,  
"The Emperor!"

"My father," cried the Duke, dropping  
the point of his sword, as Paul followed by  
the imperial guard and others, entered the  
church.

"Ah, your father," said the Emperor,  
sternly, as he strode up the aisle, and fix-  
ing his eagle eye upon the face of the  
guilty son. "O, well you may turn pale  
and your limbs tremble," he added, as the  
Duke cowered beneath his piercing gaze;  
"for I am now your sovereign as well as pa-  
rent. No words, sir; the mountebank  
has told me everything. Retire at once to  
your estate; and when your conduct de-  
serves it, we will recall you."

Alexander started at the emphasis which  
his father laid upon the royal word, and  
kneeling, he kissed his hand.

"But what does this mean?" said Paul,  
gazing with surprise at the bare blades,  
and the antagonists had forgot to sheathe  
"Swords drawn and in our presence?"

"It means this, sire," said Edgar, kneel-  
ing at his feet. "This young lady—and  
he pointed to Amy—is my betrothed—  
We have loved each other from our ear-  
liest years, and have ever looked forward  
with joy to the day that shall make us one.  
And here in a few brief sentences he ex-  
plained everything, speaking in a calm but  
respectful tone; for he doubted not that  
his imperial master would right the wrong.  
But there was no look of sympathy upon the  
Emperor's cold, hard face; he felt indig-  
nant that a word should be drawn against  
his son, and by a common soldier. So  
when the young man had concluded, he  
turned to the guards and bade them seize him.

"I'll teach the serfs to raise their hands  
against their masters," he said, harshly—  
"To-morrow's sun shall see you on your  
way to Siberia for life. Let all look to it,  
he added, glancing around him with a kind-  
ling eye, "soldiers as well as peasants. Si-  
beria is not full yet!"

"Sire, I am no serf," said the young man,  
rising, and drawing himself proudly up—  
"I am a soldier of the empire, and bear an  
honorable name. Ask those who know  
me, and see if I speak not truly. Look at  
me—my breast is still marked with the scars  
of wounds received in the service of my  
country. You'll find them here in front—  
none on my back! And this, sire, this is  
my reward."

"But you dared to raise your hand against  
my son," said the Emperor, wondering

where he had heard that voice before.

"Is it a crime, sire, for a man to defend  
her whom he loves?" said the soldier—  
"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "I am ashamed  
that I even drew my blade, in defence  
of a country that rewards like this! There,  
my liege, is my sword," he added, drawing  
the weapon from its sheath and laying it  
at Paul's feet. "And now," he continued  
proudly, "lead on! I care not whether it  
be to death or exile."

"By all the saints!" cried the Emperor,  
"I believe he is other than he seems! Let  
him be searched instantly."

The order was obeyed, the young man  
coloring deeply at the indignity; and a  
number of articles were taken from him  
and laid before Paul, who glanced curi-  
ously at them; and was about to turn away  
when one object in the heap caught his  
eye.

"Where got you this?" he inquired, tak-  
ing it up and moving a step forward—  
"Where got you this pocket-book?"

"That, sire, was given to me in Rome a  
few months since by a countryman whose  
life I saved."

"Indeed!" replied the Emperor, smiling.  
Then tearing open his shirt he drew back  
a step, and pointing with his finger, asked,  
"Do you remember this scar?"

"Sire!"

"And they were clasped breast to breast,  
the haughty Emperor and the humble  
soldier. Tears of joy rolled down Edgar's  
cheeks, for he knew that all would go well  
now. And he was right; for as soon as  
he had somewhat recovered from his emo-  
tion, Paul turned to Amy, who was gazing  
wonderingly at the strange scene, and said  
a few words to her in a low voice. The  
reply was a deep blush; and the Emperor,  
seeing himself, bade the ceremony pro-  
ceed.

But the bride and bridegroom, where  
are they?" inquired the trembling priest.

"Why, there?" replied Paul, with a  
laugh, and pointing to Edgar and Amy—  
"Go on with the ceremony, and I will give  
the bride away," he said, gaily. "One mo-  
ment," and he addressed a few words to a  
secretary who stood near him, and who in-  
stantly withdrew. The marriage was soon  
over, and the secretary returning, handed  
the Emperor a paper, which, unseen by  
any one, he placed in the pocket-book.

"I presume you do not care about keep-  
ing this?" he inquired with a smile, and  
holding it up.

"Nay, sire," said Edgar, eagerly, "I would  
not part with it for anything!"

"Take it then," said the Emperor; "it is  
yours. Within it you will find the writings  
that make you the equal of this young la-  
dy. She brings you land and wealth,  
and beauty in exchange for your title; and  
hereafter let all men greet you as a Count  
of the Empire, and Colonel of the Imperi-  
al Guard. Guards, salute your Colonel!"

A deafening cheer greeted the young  
man as he bowed lowly to them; and at a  
sign from him all knelt and made the  
arches of the old church ring with the cry  
"Long live the Emperor!"

On the following morning Ruel Gots-  
choff, stripped of his titles and decorations,  
and an iron ball fastened to his leg, enter-  
ed the cart that was to convey him to Si-  
beria. But he never reached there; for a  
week afterward, as he was lying asleep in  
the guard house, where his conductors had  
stopped to pass the night, he was shot  
through the heart. The murderer was never  
discovered; but as Ivan Orsino, now a  
boast that he had avenged his early love,  
it was strongly suspected that he knew more  
of the affair than any one else. But he was  
never questioned; and so in a little  
while the murder was forgotten.

Jean Saint Pierre, (as we still delight to  
call him), now Duke de Vivroch, gener-  
ously bestowed the lands of de Moner on  
Henri; but the poor lad lived but a few  
months to enjoy them. At his death they  
were given to Ivan Orsino, to the great  
surprise of every one; and he lived long  
and happily to enjoy the title.

And now my gentle readers, one and all,  
allow me to take you by the hand, and  
whisper in your ears that mournful word  
which, next to home, sweet home, fingers  
latest in the memory, and which has been  
pronounced by all, save those who, friend-  
less and heartless, have no one to love—  
Beautiful is our Saxon tongue; but it has  
no word so liquid, so soft, and so thrilling,  
as the one I now speak of, the sweet and  
simple word—Farewell!

THE END.

LINES—BY H. M. C.

Suggested by a conversation with a lady, who,  
when asked, "How could life be best enjoyed,  
when its pleasures were but transitory," replied:  
"Let's be happy while we may,  
What's the use of sighing?  
Life is but a summer day,  
To-morrow will be dying."

Oh! why do we weep, if only to part?  
Oh! where is the bliss untinged with alloy?  
How rare is fate, to tear from the heart  
The presence beloved, that thrilled it with joy!